expressing the soul, and the soul a praise of his God — and color a mere addition, a filling-in of the forms — but he colors minutely and smoothly every space and fortunately did not consider too pagan the joy he evidently took in the childlike arrangement of his colors.[1]

Looked at the Raphaels of the Tribuna; shadows consist too often for him in a simple darkening of the lighted parts and have no special quality. The pleasure of modeling comes above all from a horror of sharpness, from a need to round the contours without hiding them, and perfection consists in achieving a gradual shading off from the light to the less light to the dark. It has nothing in common with the perfection sought by the colorist — Venetian or Spanish, Dutch or English —always more restless, more difficult, and more debatable. Giorgione, often even more than Titian, painted each passage with a color that seems peculiar, *unique,* though always of a homogeneous quality and participating at once in the adjacent color.

19 *December*

Santa Maria Novella. Unbearable guide whose information is self-evident in the paintings themselves. No emotion whatsoever. I cannot understand the enthusiasm people show for the Spanish Chapel. Everything in it is very odd, but nothing is worth admiring. The difficulty has been overcome only at the expense of beauty.

Pretty-pretty frescoes, and already in the florid style, but full of exquisite grace, in the right-hand choir chapel. They are by Filippino Lippi; on the right, a dragon exorcised; on the left, a resurrection (story of St. John the Evangelist). Very soft figure of the young man whom the dragon's breath causes to faint away. The group surrounding him is very fine — the Negro King. . . . Beautiful group of

women likewise in the resurrection scene; but these frescoes are not worth the admirable ones of Ghirlandajo decorating the central chapel.

After lunch the young Roberto Gatteschi comes to call and we go out together. He tells me of the novels he plans to write and talks very intelligently about them. It is to be a series forming a cycle in which he will defend crime. The first will defend (or at least will relate) incest; the second, murder; the third, theft. Incest alone is composed; it is the story, modernized, of Amnon and Tamar—which he did not know, moreover, and which I read to him from the Bible. He will tell especially of the progressive disgust and hatred following the possession and this will form the important part of the book . . .

[1] Absurd judgment. I blush as I reread it today, Fra Angelico is not only a "delightful" painter; he is a great painter. (1902.) [A.]